
Subject: Re: Home is Where the Heart Is
Posted by [Lillehafrue](#) on Sun, 29 Jul 2012 02:29:36 GMT
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From: Tikatu Sent: 7/18/2006 9:00 PM

Thursday, July 19, 2068, 1:35 p.m. Tracy Island

Callie stepped cautiously into the infirmary, looking about for Dianne. She hadn't been there since getting her tracking chip implanted, and felt a little intimidated by the clean room with its empty beds.

"Dianne?" she called. "Uh, Dianne?"

"Callie!" Dianne came out of the passageway between the infirmary and the examination room. She was dressed in scrubs and clogs, her workday clothes. "You're early."

"Yeah. I, uh, took some time to speak to Kyrano," Callie said.

"Good. I'm working with Virgil at the moment," Dianne replied, smiling. "Why don't you wait in here?" She indicated a couple of chairs in her office. "I'll be with you in a few moments."

"Oh, sure." Callie stepped inside the office, and sat down. As she waited for Dianne, the images of her run-in with the Hood played over and over in her mind. She tried to remember what Kyrano had said about not blaming herself, but still, she felt guilty that she'd let him get to her in the first place. She fidgeted in her seat, looking at her watch, wondering how much longer Dianne would take.

Finally, Virgil limped out of the examination room. He gave Callie one of his gorgeous smiles and said, "How are you doing, Callie?"

"I'm... okay," she replied. "How's the leg?"

"I'll survive," Virgil said. He glanced back at Dianne, who was now behind him. "I have to obey Doctor Mom here, and stay off my leg, but I should be back to piloting within the week."

"If you behave yourself," Dianne said, shaking a finger at him.

"I'll behave; I promise." Virgil said, rolling his eyes. He kissed her on the cheek as he limped off, giving Callie a quick salute.

"I'll be right back," Dianne said, following Virgil as far as the sick room. It was only a few moments when she returned, and beckoned Callie to follow her. "Let me disinfect this quickly, then we'll have a look at you."

Her arms wrapped around herself, Callie watched as Dianne wiped down the examination scanner, first with a disinfectant cloth, then with a paper towel. She looked on as Dianne reset the scanner's computer.

"Okay," Dianne came back out from behind the computer console. She patted the examination bed. "Climb up here, and let's see what the scanner will tell us."

Callie did as she was told, but looked at Dianne with a frown. "Why are you doing this? I thought we'd be dealing with my emotional and mental state."

"We will," said Dianne as she pulled a sheet over Callie. "But I want to make sure there weren't any physical side effects either." She returned to the console. "This is the first time that we've dealt with a victim of the Hood so soon after this kind of attack. It's an opportunity to see if there are any lasting physical side effects." She smiled as she activated the scanner. "I'm sorry if it sounds like you're being a guinea pig..."

"Didn't you have the chance when Brains and Tin-Tin were attacked?" Callie asked.

Dianne shook her head. "No, that was before my time. And it was hours before Scott, Virgil and Gordon found them. When they did, Brains had been buried in the sand up to his neck in the heat for quite some time. Then it was a bit before they got back to base."

"Buried in the sand up to his neck? Poor Brains!"

"Yeah. The Hood used good old fashioned torture to get Brains to talk, but it didn't work." Dianne looked up at the screen. "And it didn't quite work with you, either."

Callie lay back and thought about that for a few moments as the scanner did its work. Finally, Dianne smiled, and downloaded the information to her computer. "Okay, Callie, we're done in here."

"Will I live, Doc?" Callie joked, trying to cheer herself up.

"Yes, you'll live," Dianne said. "You're doing well. A bit tired and on edge, as seen by your lactic acid levels, and the tension in your muscles, but that's to be expected after such a scary time. No difference in brain chemistry." She helped Callie off the table, and guided her into the office.

When the two women were settled into their chairs, Dianne said, "You told me you went to see Kyrano. What did he tell you?"

"That this was not my fault, and that there wasn't much I could have done against... him. That I should put it behind me, and move on." Callie shook her head. "I don't know that I can do that; at least, not right away."

"Kyrano's got it right; you're not at fault here, Callie, and you shouldn't think you are," Dianne said. "But you're right that getting over this won't happen overnight, either. I'm sure you'll have some nightmares, and times where you can't stop thinking about what happened. When those times come, as they will, come see me. If you find you're not getting the sleep you need, I can give you something to help, and we can talk about it. The fright of it will eventually fade; my job is to see that you get to that point in relatively good shape physically and emotionally."

"Do you think I'll need to take medications?" Callie asked, frowning. "I've never taken any kind of medication for... mental problems."

Dianne smiled a little. "If necessary, you may have an anti-depressant for a short time. It all depends on how you handle this. But it wouldn't be permanent. Right now though, I'm talking more along the lines of sleep aids. If you're physically exhausted, then your emotional state will be negatively affected by that exhaustion. So, I want to make sure you get your rest."

"I see," Callie said. She looked down at her hands. "Will I be able to continue with my work?"

"I think so," Dianne said. "It'll help keep your mind off what happened. But if you need to have your workload cut back, I'll have a talk with John and Brains about it." Reaching out, she patted Callie on the knee. "We want to make sure you're dealing with this."

"And if I'm not?"

"We'll cross that bridge if we come to it," was the firm answer. "Now, I want you to find something to do for the rest of the day. Even if it's swabbing the decks of Thunderbird Three."

Callie snickered. "All right. I'll ask John what I can do to help out."

"And if he has nothing for you, go see Brains. I'm sure he can find something for to do." Dianne winked at her. "Doctor's orders."

"F-A-B, Doc." Callie rose from her seat. "Thanks for the talk. I'll be sure to tell you if things get rough."

"You do that," Dianne said.

Callie left the sick room feeling better. Instead of looking for John, I think I may head down to the lab and see what Brains and Tin-Tin have for me to do... and maybe arrange to talk to them about their experiences with the Hood.